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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT B. GOSWORTHY,
of the Middlesex Bar.



J. Home in Centralville

7254 B'

THE
BRIDE OF BURTON,
VICTORY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
ROBERT B. CAVERLY.

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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CHOCORUA IS SLAIN.

And ever since, from then to this,
Not a breath of hope, nor breeze of bliss,
Hath moved the woods of Burton.

XX.

Dark shadows came to chase the sun,
The Indian hunter's day was done,
And the wood-lands wild were sighing;
'Twas then a shaft his heart had broken,
Vengeance! the eternal fates betoken;
Chocorua is dying.

XXI.

On that dread night and hitherto,
The heavens let fall malarious dew,
Far down these murky mountains;
Not a flower in all the waste is known,
The maple leaf is dry, half-grown,
And death is in the fountains.

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

XXII.

The moping owl hath ceased to hoot,
The scrub oak falters at the root,
 And the snail is lank and weary;
The fated fawn hath found his bed,
Huge hawks, high flying, drop down dead
 Above that apex dreary.

XXIII.

Faded, the vales no fruits adorn,
The hills are pale with poisoned corn,
 The flocks are lean, repining;
No growth the panting pastures yield,
And the staggering cattle roam the field,
 Forlorn, in death declining.

XXIV.

'Tis thus we're made the slaves of earth,
Mope in miasmas, deep in dearth,
 Sad, from some bad beginning;

THEY COME IN THE CLOUDS.

From cruelty to friend or foes,
Our morbid pains and mental woes,
Prove but the pangs of sinning.

XXV.

High now a voice is in the air,
As if Chocorua still were there,
With wood-nymphs wild attending;
'Tis heard far up the mountain side,
That plaint of Earth's down-trodden tribe,
Bleak, with the zephyrs blending.

XXVI.

O, God, forgive our Saxon race!
Blot from thy book, no more to trace,
Fraternal wrath infernal;
That taints the atmosphere we breathe,
The sky above, and earth beneath,
With dearth and death eternal!

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

XXVII.

Come, boys, we'll take our tents away
To better vales:—'tis break of day,
 And the hounds are awake for duty;
Blow, blow the horn, a gracious sun
Hath brought a *brotherhood*, begun,
 In life, in love and beauty.





THE PET CANARY.

1

LONG little Lilla⁴⁵ fed the bird,
Her lovely pet canary,
And many a song and tender word
Inspired the busy dairy;

2

And daily oft, to see the pet,
The school-mate wanders hither,
To learn how hearts congenial met,
Have "lived and loved together."

THE PET CANARY.

3

For whom sweet June had spread her flowers,
Had furnished fruitful treasures;
And wanton wild-birds from their bowers,
Brought lovely magic measures.

4

Ah! what a change a day hath done!
There's trouble on the morrow,
Our Lilla dies—her pet is dumb;
That home is full of sorrow.

5

Then when the funeral prayer is made,
In sainted sanctuary,
Down from a cage upon the dead,
Mute gazed that little canary—

6

Till when at length the choir begun
Soft notes of sorrow even;

LILLA IN HEAVEN.

That little heart, it swelled and sung
A song of Hope and Heaven.

7

And then alone, he sung a part,
A plaintive voluntary;
Ah!—how it fell upon my heart,
That dirge from little canary!

8

We could but see sweet Lilla nigh,
In robes of light to love us,
And for her pet to breathe a sigh,
From heaven high above us.

21



A MEMENTO.

IN THE ALBUM OF MRS. J. E. B., SINCE DECEASED.



FIND Lady:

What though the gift be meagre quite,
Here in thy book I'll bear a part;
Fail as we *may* in what we *write*,
Accept a neighbor's friendly mite,
A truthful tribute of the heart.

At noon or night, at morn or evening,
Whene'er ye read this fading line,—
For aye the same, whate'er the seeming,
Fond memory, from mine altar beaming,
Shall *faithful* turn to thee and thine.



ONWARD TO THE SEA.⁴⁶

1

AT dawn while damp the dews are falling
On men of might, deep sleep enthralling,
The bugle-note vast cohorts calling,
Is breaking o'er the lea;
'Tis now from vale and mountain wall,
Our gallant horse and footmen, all,
Are on the march at Sherman's call,
Far downward for the sea.

2

I hear the train,—I hear the tread,
Of brave battalions onward led

ONWARD TO THE SEA.

[Yet not unmindful of the dead,
So sadly doomed to be,
O'er hill and dale, through vill and town,
Moving in mighty columns down,
They chant the praise of "old John Brown,"
Far downward for the sea.

3

In spite of saint or southern sages,
That took from toil her honest wages,
And blotted freedom from our pages,
Went forth the dread decree;
And the mortars roar the roads along,
In skirmish and in battle strong;
'Twas Sherman bold avenging wrong,
Far downward to the sea!

4

Out from Shenandoah's crimson cloud,
From thunders breaking long and loud,

SHERMAN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Our brave old Flag waves wild and proud,
Brings signal ecstasy;
For the trump of war hath ceased to roar,
Rebellion lingering, lives no more,
And Sherman's hosts stand on the shore,
Of a beauteous, balmy sea.



AN ACROSTIC.

Exert thyself; on self alone depend;
Let reason guide thee to a hopeful end;
Let Truth divine, and Love and Charity,
In fervent faith thy measured motto be;
Excuse no wrong, in Heaven's pure light be free.



ON DIXIE'S WOOD-LAND.

SEDGWICK.⁴⁷

I.



N Dixie's wood-land hill and plain,
Where treason stalks in ghost-like form,
The deadly mortars belch again,
Earth, troubled, quakes beneath the storm.

Down on the foe to battle led,
Brave gallant legions fired of hope,
Out through the heaps of mangled dead,
They bear a nation's banner up.

ON DIXIE'S WOOD-LAND.

Firm yet again, though comrades fall,
And undismayed at Fate's decree,
Onward they heed their country's call,
Their noble hearts shall make her free.

II.

Lo! there, amidst the valiant slain,
Is he who bore that banner high
O'er many a gory battle plain,
Where "Greek met Greek"—met there to die.

Clouds clad in crimson intervene,
Our dear old flag is bending low
Where Sedgwick fell—the willow green
Trails—weeping o'er him on the Po.

Ah! 'tis of earth, man can but know
How truth eternal, right divine,
Must from the blood of martyrs flow,
'Tis wond'rous wisdom's vast design!

SEDGWICK, A NATION'S CARE.

Yet far from fields of valor blest,
 Though Freedom's flag may rend in twain,
Though race and nation be oppressed,
 Shall not the hero live again?

Brave, noble spirit!—higher hence,
 A leader in that land of light;
What though no traveller comes from thence,
 We'll hail thee there in armor bright.

III.

Go, ye that linger where he fell,
 With guards of honor, bear him thence,
Yet pageant praise shall fail to tell
 The general care, the gloom intense.

In vain the solemn organ trills,
 While true to trust ye homeward come,
In vain the echo from the hills
 Of plaintive airs and muffled drum.

ON DIXIE'S WOOD-LAND.

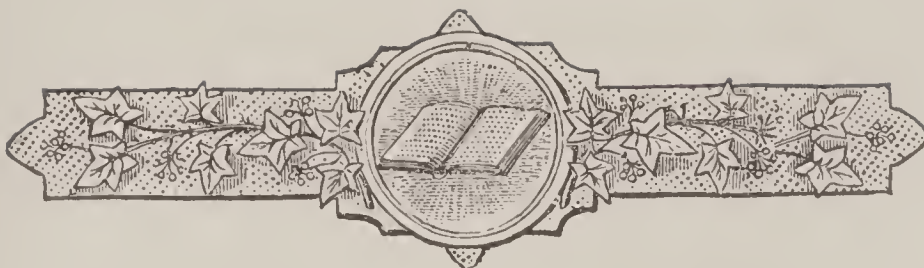
And vain, indeed, the soldier's shot,
Or thunders breaking o'er the tomb;
A nation weeping heeds it not,
She hath an impulse of her own.

IV.

Rest! let him rest in the high land fair,
Where golden sunsets glow and gleam,
Where wild birds warbling fill the air,
And the pine-tree whispers love serene.

Oft here the patriot's heart shall burn
In mournful lays, in generous tears,
And pilgrim feet shall hither turn,
As come and go the rolling years.

Bring lilies sweet, in hands-full bring
The rose in beauty, full in bloom;
Bring garland flowers of grateful spring,
And crown for aye the hero's tomb.



CHEERFULNESS.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 13, 1864.

A POSTSCRIPT TO A LETTER, FOR A LITTLE MISS.

1

ANOTHER day
Is far away,
And night again advances;
That law divine,
The march of time,
Is never changed by chances.

CHEERFULNESS.

2

But little we know
How fast we go,
Or what the aim or ending
Of the motley throng,
That plod along,
In word and deed offending.

3

Yet there's good cheer,
My Mary dear,
A charm in the life of childhood;
I bless the toys
That give thee joys,
Long lost to me in manhood.

4

Let reason guide—
No ills betide

ITS INSPIRATIONS.

Gay juvenile devotions;
Sad, dull and drear,
Would life appear,
But for our childish notions.

5

A cheerful mind,
With truth combined,
And faith, without misgiving,
Shall fill the page
Of riper age,
In useful life worth living.

6

From thence shall showers
Bedeck with flowers,
Thy path with fragrant beauty;
And health shall glow,
And comforts flow
From cheerfulness in duty.

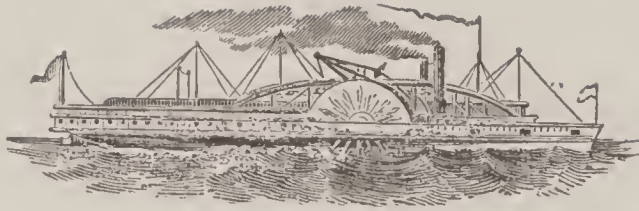
CHEERFULNESS.

7

O, then we'll dare
To banish care,
Nor faith nor truth shall vary ;
And heaven at last,
For all the past,
Shall bless my little Mary.

34





UP THE KENNEBEC.

FROM LITTLE MARY — A SOLILOQUY.

1



URORA beauteous, breaking bright,
Adorns the moving deck;
From the heavens afar, with golden light,
She paints the Kennebec.
Sweet birds of song, the shores along,
Their carols true are calling;
And the duck and dove are full of love,
Infinity extolling.

UP THE KENNEBEC.

2

Made glad at morn, the hunter's horn,
Wild, mellow windings take;
And the hopeful hound is on his round,
Far up the Kennebec.

I seek the field, where lilies yield
Their fragrance and their beauty;
Where the rustic swain, for honest gain,
Is true to daily duty.

3

Farewell, old Ocean! pale yet proud
Thy billows foam and break;
Rolling on high, and roaring loud,
Ye greet the Kennebec!
Thine are the depths of spacious dales,
Of highlands lowly buried,
The fallen leaf of autumn gales,
Or waves from winter hurried.

FROM OLD OCEAN.

4

Thy fountains deep are bright divine,
Thy heavings have no check;
Thy tides eternal, keeping time,
Far up the Kennebec.
Merry and sweet, the rills ye meet,
From misty mountains falling,
They glide and gambol at thy feet;
They follow at thy calling.

5

Farewell! we've launched our gondola,
Fair founts above to fleck,
With cheer and chat and song away
On the lovely Kennebec.
Up there is Sprague; he leads the way,
To many a towering block;
And Art is bending to obey
Her ancient Sagadahock.

UP THE KENNEBEC.

6

Huge ships to spare, in crafty care,
 Bold verdant banks bedeck;
For the ocean fair to wander there,
 From the busy Kennebec;
To seek the ports of spacious Earth,
 Her traffic and her treasures;
To share her gems of wealth and worth,
 Her products and her pleasures.

7

Bright is the scope of love and hope,
 Creation deigns to deck!
They fill our cup as we go up,
 The balmy Kennebec.
There's beauty in the mountain range,
 In meadow and in mansion
In many a freak unfolded strange,
 Deep in the vast expansion!

OUR DEAR OLD MOTHER.

8

Dame Nature casts her garlands down
All round us on the deck ;
While on the hills she stands to crown
Her kindly Kennebec ;
Yet she hath care for countless throngs,
In earth, in air, and ocean ;
And to her constancy belongs
The faith of deep devotion.

9

Sweet, dear old Mother! true to tell,
[We hail thy luring beck!]
Our ancient Fathers knew thee well,
Along the Kennebec.
They had a heart to love thee then,
Thy fragrant, shady bowers ;
That beat as true to God and men,
As firm in faith as ours.

UP THE KENNEBEC.

10

Translated they! thou art the same
Without a spot or speck
To mar thy face, thy faith, or fame,
Far up the Kennebec!
“We Thee adore,” and love thy lore.
Thy bounty and thy beauty;
As did the Red-man years of yore,
Here on a hunter’s duty;

11

When naked at Thine altar, true,
He bent his beardless neck,
And proudly launched his birch canoe
High up the Kennebec;
Where, in the wild-wood ’neath a cloud,
Or down sweet sunny waters,
He held dominion, spacious, proud,
O’er Nature’s sons and daughters.

40

THE TRIBES OF YORE.

12

Sad, now to tell, how the Chieftain fell,
And the boat became a wreck!
How the tribes, of yore, were dashed ashore
On the troubled Kennebec!
Bright stars shall burn, and seasons turn
Their sunny sides forever;
But ne'er to change, yon mountain range,
Again shall know them, never!

13

No squaw her tranquil love-song trills,
Life's languid cares to check;
No Indian war-whoop haunts the hills
That shade the Kennebec;
Yet doth she sing unseen of Earth
In native numbers yonder—
“The world that gave the Red-man birth
Can never know him longer.

41

UP THE KENNEBEC.

14

“Mine was the tribe by the mountain side,
To nature true, I reck,
That wandered wide the wood-land tide,
High on the Kennebec.
I try to trace them in the sand,
My father and my mother;
Vain, vain, I seek that little band,
My sister and my brother!

15

“Dear! dear to *me*!—each field or flood,
Or sight, or sound, or speck,
Where roamed the sons of Robinhood
On the kindly Kennebec!
Forgive, oh God!—(we’ve felt the rod),
Each seeming, sad complaining!
Yet there’s no place, to the Red-man’s race,
On the shores of Earth remaining!”

42

HOME OF THE WHITE-MAN.

16

The Eternal chime, that song sublime,
Its latent lessons break,
Out from the crimson clouds of time,
That touch the Kennebec—
True, soft and mild, in the forest wild,
And down the rolling river;
High on the hills, deep in the rills,
It lives to languish, never!

17

Yet Mother Dame hath other sons,
And daughters too to deck;
We've seen them oft at Uncle John's,
Far up the Kennebec.⁴⁸
His wigwam brave is wide and warm,
His woodlands cool and shady;
Bright fields of grain and golden corn,
Abundant for the needy.

43

UP THE KENNEBEC.

18

Wide waving groves, green pastures too,
And lofty rills we reck;
While onward puffs our proud canoe,
Far up the Kennebec.

Lo, this is life!—with kindness rife!
Though the day be dark and dreary;
One purpose true, and God in view,
We never need be weary!

19

From the wily snare, to guide us there,
He pilots every step;
And swells the sail with a grateful gale,
Far up the Kennebec.
Bless me, ye Powers!—this world of ours,
In peaky, proudest beauty,
But points to Thee, inspiring me
To diligence in duty.

44

THERE'S A BETTER DAY.

20

And though the storm and the hail may come,
And the surge may dash the deck;
Enough it is, that we are His,
Far up the Kennebec!
True, true they say, there's a better day,
And *faith*, we ought to find it!
For the lights of love that burn above,
Are lit for man to mind it.

45



BARNARD BROWN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 14, 1862.

FROM THE COPY OF A LETTER OF THAT DATE.

THE ceiling in the great Library at the Capitol is some forty feet up, extending to the roof of the building. To-day we were in there, and as it happened, a workman who was upon the roof, jumped off from a higher to a lower part of it; at which an entire panel of the roofing gave way—and in its fall brought the man with it, all in a mass down upon the floor before us, the man expiring instantly. An event, thus unforeseen and unexpected, was a startling

ADMONITION.



LAS! what frightful spectre deigns

To chill my life-blood in the veins!

What sudden freak or panic dash

Brings headlong downward with a crash,

Like thunder-bolt from awful storm,

To mother Earth, thy lifeless form,

Poor Barnard Brown!

I SEE THEE IN VISIONS.

Away at dawn, from hearth and home,
To try and trust an iron dome,
Thy feet secure from all mishap,
Approached, alas, that fatal trap
To earthly hope!—it palsies me!
And wife and children weep for thee,
Poor Barnard Brown!

Beyond this earth thy lot is cast,
Unknown, unknowing, while time shall last;
Yet shuddering oft, I'll see again
Thy quivering form and feel the pain;
In visions of thy spirit flown,
And dreams of night, I'll thee bemoan,
Poor Barnard Brown!

Great Power above! it is but Thee,
Rebuking man's security;

BARNARD BROWN.

Like the wayless wanderer, taught to fear,
Beneath each foot-step, danger near,
We learn of Thee ;—but oft too late,
And share in grief the hapless fate
Of Barnard Brown.





THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

AN IMPROMPTU.

1

YE Gods hymenial known in song,
Come down and bring y'r rhymes along
To feed a frail, benighted throng,
With matrimonial measures;
And let your sentimental lore
Inflate the faltering wing to sore,
O, teach us as ye taught of yore
From life's abundant treasures!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Tell us of what we ought to sing,
To what in faith we ought to cling;
What harp and voice we ought to bring,
 While upward, onward speeding!
Let us look back the journey through,
Of generations take a view,
And seek expedients old and new,
 To celebrate a wedding.⁴⁹

2

'Tis but to turn a better leaf,
To banish hateful, sordid grief,
And cherish life in full belief
 Of progress and expansion;
Each hour to labor, yet to love,
As if 'twere given from above,
As if the soul were like a dove
 To make on high a mansion.

SWEET DAYS OF YORE.

'Tis not true life to foster self,
Nor treasure ignominious wealth,
Nor lay your notions on the shelf,
Or hide them in a napkin;
Nor is it wise to strut in pride,
Or frown at folly, or deride
At sins that come from 'tother side,
While o'er your own you're napping.

3

'Twill better be, if now and then,
To guide the foot-step or the pen,
Ye take the retrospective when
Y'r Fathers here were living;
When ladies never loved their ease,
When mother made her butter and cheese;
When children played beneath her knees
At Christmas or Thanksgiving;

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

When then ye never heard of balls,
Nor dire divorce—nor family squalls,
Nor Grecian-bend—nor water-falls,
Nor gossip,—nor division.

'Twas then, our sister Mary spun,
'Twas then, how blithe the spindle run,
And ah!—how sweet the song she sung,
To childhood's happy vision!

Strong, then the fathers held the plows,
And maids and mothers milked the cows,
And lovers always paid their vows

At eve and early morning;
While Rachel weaved her limber rushes,
Kind Katie swept the house with brushes,
And Nathan brought bright, verdant bushes
The fireplace old adorning.

Soft, then the zephyrs moved the trees,
Sweet nectar came from busy bees,

KIND VOICES.

Bright, better days no mortal sees,
 To cheer the hearts of men ;
True love and song, sweet life enriching,
With voices kind, in field and kitchen,
O God!—how rich and how bewitching,
 To giddy boyhood then !

4

We've now a story, brief to tell,
Of wedded life—we know it well,
Historic of our honored Belle,
 From a happy day she came ;
Out from a group of sisters fine.
Lucretia, Ann, and Catherine,
Elizabeth, and Caroline,
 Of faithful race and fame ;

All at a time on memory's page,
When children paid respect to age,
When the man was always saint or sage,

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

And women made the matches;
Vain wealth, a beau could never catch,
'Twas love alone that lit the match,
Then Hudson changed her name to Hatch,—
A train of little Hatches.

Since then how blithe the days have been!

What golden treasures gathered in;
What loves, what hopes have dwelt within!

What faith to banish fears!
How many thanks and sweet good wishes,
How many gems and gracious dishes,
How many heartfelt, kindly kisses
Have crowned these happy years!

5

Up hither have we come to-night,
In prompt surprisings to delight,
Here each in turn to cast our mite
Down at the bridal altar;

a.m.p., July 21, 1921.

To

MY NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND,

ELIAS NASON,

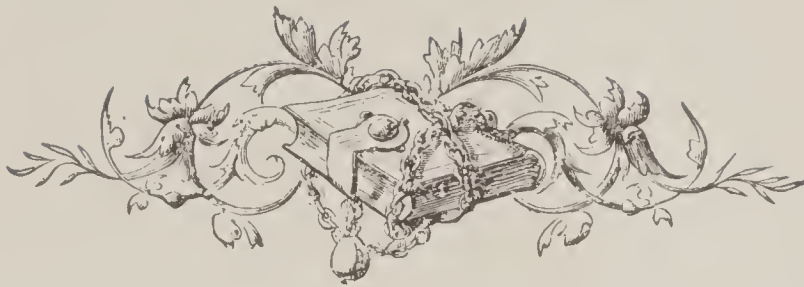
ELOQUENT AND PROFOUND;

VALIANT IN FAITH, TRUTH, AND CHARITY;

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

R. B. C.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. THE AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE, *Frontispiece.*

II. CHOCORUA AT THE GRAVE OF KEOKA, 12

Artist, H. BILLINGS.

Engraver, E. A. FOWLE.

A white flag fluttered in the air,
Sweet stars from heaven glittered there,
And the zephyrs came to love her.

III. VICTORY, 86

Artist, VAN RAUCH.

Engraver, E. A. FOWLE.

Rear high you statue!—proud and just,
Make glad the consecrated green,
Where doth the soldier's sainted dust,
Bespeak the sorrow Earth had seen.

IV. THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE, 138

Artist, N. C. SANBORN.

Engraver, E. A. FOWLE.

How, oft amid the tempest blast,
Ye heard the rattling arrows cast,
The mid-night gun, the savage yell!

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THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

“Chocorna* goes to the Great Spirit; his curse stays with the white man! The prophet sank upon the ground still uttering inaudible curses. And there they left his bones to whiten in the sun.” [*Pronounced, *Chec-cor-ruah*.]

I.

THE tired hounds at length are sleeping,
And over our tent, wild night is weeping
Dark dews in the Burton wood;
While from her distant radiant fountain,
The queenly Moon lights up the mountain,
Where brave Chocorna⁴⁴ stood.

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

II.

To this the ills of earth had brought him,
'Twas here the white man sought and fought him,
 In daring, dashing numbers;
From whence despair had deigned to dwell,
Chocorua wounded, faltering fell,
 And, here in death he slumbers.

III.

Entranced beneath thy cragged peak,
Creation vast!—thy summit bleak,
 Thy varied vales I ponder;
I reverence Him who shaped the hills,
These silvery lakes, those glittering rills,
 Wild, in a world of wonder!

IV.

Up 'neath the stars, yon glimmering slope,
Piled range on range, they fill the scope

CHOCORUA AND HIS TRIBE.

Of man's enchanted vision;
Bold there above a heaving sea,
For aye to vie in majesty,
Earth's grandest, proud position!

V.

Life and its joys Chocorua sought,
His tribe he trained, as Nature taught,
Mild in these magic mountains;
With bow and arrow known of yore,
Vast wood-lands wild, he hunted o'er,
Dame fed him at her fountain.

VI.

Of what wild waters yield, in view,
Chocorua launched his light canoe
On many a rapid river;
Fierce falcons faltered in the air,
And the wild deer bounded from his lair
At the rattle of his quiver.

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

VII.

From boyhood brave, a priest he roved;
Faithful at heart he fervent loved
Keoka, ne'er to sever;
No happier pair could earth produce,
Keoka true—and a proud pappoose
Inspired that wigwam ever.

VIII.

With truth, and trust, and patient pride,
At morn — at noon — or eventide,
She calmed the cloudy hour;
Her heart was full of love and song,
She cheered Chocorua's life along,
She brought him many a flower.

IX.

Such was the life Chocorua sought,
Such were the charms Keoka brought,

HER CASKET AND TOMB.

Unselfish, unpretending;
Kings of the earth, I'd envy not,
Give me to know Chocorua's lot,
Such faith, such favor blending!

X.

Soon then, alas! sad, fatal years,
That moved heroic hearts to tears,
Fell heavy on Pequawket;
Dread death, that brought Keoka blind,
Had mazed Chocorua in his mind,
The tribes began to talk it.

XI.

Of rushes rude they made her shroud,
In crooked form a casket proud,
And laid her in the wild-wood,
Beside a rippling river shore,
Where many a song and dance of yore,
Had cheered her happy childhood.

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

XII.

Six logs laid high on either side,
Embraced they hold that sainted bride,
 With a rail-made roof around her;
Deep, calm at rest, devoid of fears,
Of loves — of hopes — or tender tears,
 Where first Chocorua found her.

XIII.

A white flag fluttered in the air,
Sweet stars from heaven glittered there,
 And the zephyrs came to love her;
Deep wood-lands whispered sighs unknown,
The plaintive pines their loss bemoan,
 And the wild rose creeps above her.

XIV.

Ten times a day Chocorua wept;
Ten times a day his shadow swept



The Chief of the Winnebago Tribe
Standing with his Son
1. General Winnebago, 1847

CHOCORUA AT HER GRAVE.

In plummy form around her ;
The partridge fluttered from his trail,
And the she-wolf nightly heard his wail,
To a troubled trance it bound her.

XV.

Where'er he turned, where'er he roamed,
Or when around the grave he mourned,
There, prompt and true to mind him,
His little lad with lifted eye,
As if to hail that mother nigh,
Tripped on, and stood behind him.

XVI.

'Twas thus Chocorua's heart was pressed,
Long months moved on, but gave no rest,
Sad thus, dread fate had made it !
Still there is grief as yet unknown,
"One trouble never comes alone,"
Our dear old mothers said it.

THE BRIDE OF BURTON.

XVII.

Next, then indeed, how true it proved!
Another fate as fortune moved
 Came cruel quite as t'other;
By hidden drugs, in malice made,
Alas! that darling boy is dead,
 To moulder with his mother.

XVIII.

Then wailed Chocorua wilder still,
Without a heart, without a will,
 A ghost-like, lurking wonder;
Yet in his flesh there's native fire,
Though earth and hell in crime conspire
 To drive that soul asunder.

XIX.

As now the story oft is told,
Chocorua cursed the English old,
 For deeds unholy, certain;

WE GREET THEE.

We greet you with the best of tin,
A ladle and a bosom-pin,
Full many a trinket brought you in,
With never a heart to falter.

We've brought you knives and napkin rings,
Fine fancy fans, from glittering wings,
And many mighty handy things
To women quite bewitching;
A wedding ring, from Aunt Kesiah;
A fancy mug from little Mariah,
And a fish-fork strong from brave Josiah
To adorn the bridal kitchen;

And here sweet Katie brings you baskets,
Here's Huldah, too, with nice elastics,
And Uncle Josh has filled his flasks,
Each promptly as you've seen;
Beaus, many are here, and aged rulers,
And maidens meek and "spinning mulers,"

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

With plate and spoon, and "butter coolers,"
All hail! the bridal Queen!

6

God bless the bridegroom! bless the bride!
Each Hatch and Hudson far and wide,
And let no hapless ill betide
These holy, happy years!
And when the summons comes, to go,
From golden weddings here below,
We'll meet again, and better know
The folly of our fears.

56





AN ELEGY.

[JEWETT.]

DOWN where sweet waters gently glide,
And the earth inspires her tender blade;
Where beckoning wood-lands, opening wide,
Receive the advancing, sainted dead,
I rove at morn;⁵⁰ — Phœbus, afar,
Hath driven the pale moon from the sea,
And dazzling out each fading star,
Brings light and love to all, but me.

AN ELEGY.

Still yet in faith, I've come to cast
Fair flowerets down,—low bending do it;
For here in death is laid at last,
My neighbor kind—my generous Jewett.

Friend of my youth! How cruel cold,
The blight that holds a heart divine!
Yet life would quit her cares untold
To share immortal treasures, thine.

Brisk, blow ye bleak winds, bring a song,
Bring harp and lute above the bier;
Wave wide, ye bending woods along,
In love to lay sweet garlands here!

And you, ye wild-birds, often sad,
In little songs, if not in tears;

Forget ye not my honored dead,
As wane away the eternal years!

BRING LILIES.

Let lilies, fragrant, clothe the ground,
Lovely for aye shall live the sod;
For here, indeed, a friend is found,
“A *man* the noblest work of God!”





“THAT OLD FLAG YET.”

[An address at a flag raising, in October, 1868, having reference to the Presidential Election.]

1



YES! let it wave on every hill

In every land, triumphant still,

In freedom fair as ever!

And “let the conquering hero come,”

A Nation’s glory he hath won,

Yes!—let it wave forever!

It floated long—the foe defied,—

Proud o’er our brave ones when they died,

Its destiny completing;

On wide old Ocean’s dread domain,

Or down on Richmond’s bloody plain,

In victory or retreating.

THAT OLD FLAG YET.

2

On that sad field, beneath a tree
A soldier falls ;—fighting for Lee,
A shaft his heart had met ;
Yet while our troops retreating flee,
He hails them — shouting, (faintly free,)
“ Hurrah !—for that old flag yet !”

He'd lived beneath a southern sun,
Had been conscribed when the war begun,
But against the wrong had set ;
Still leaning on a rebel gun,
High now that dying voice, it run,
“ Hurrah !—for that old flag yet ”—

3

All day — all night — our cohorts fly,
While oft they turn a tearful eye,
Back where that soldier sat ;
Although they'd known him there to die,

A VOICE IN THE SKY.

At every step they heard the cry,

“Hurrah!—for that old flag yet.”

The din of danger far and nigh,

A sultry sun;—that crimson sky

At night, they heeded not;

Above that clamorous battle cry,

They knew that voice—(’t was from on high;)

They waved—“that old flag yet.”

And when next day at dawn of light,

Our squadrons wheeling, left and right,

The foe aback beset;

They rallied nobly, full of fight,

And headlong drove him out of sight;—

Hurrah!—’t was “that old flag yet.”

That voice will never wane away,

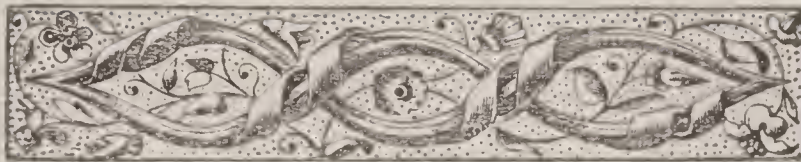
’Tis in the air, the cloud, the clay,

THAT OLD FLAG YET.

Deep in the soul, 'tis set;
In every form, in every way,
They'll hear it till their dying day,
“Hurrah!—for that old flag yet!”

Yes!—let it wave on every hill
In every land, triumphant still,
In freedom fair as ever;
And “let the conquering hero come,”
A Nation's glory he hath won,
Yes, let it float forever! ⁵¹





AGAIN 'TIS NIGHT.

D. C., MAY 4, 1863.

WRITTEN TO LITTLE C. AT EVE AFTER THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

1

AGAIN 'tis night;—yet the moon, afar,
Brings radiant light to the tents of war;
While the tramp of steed, and tap of drum,
Have waned away at Washington.

Yet many a soldier, brave and bright,
Are sad within their tents to night;
For the battle hath raged, and comrades, true,
Are pale beneath yon hills of blue.

AGAIN 'T IS NIGHT.

Wild now in dreams, the country maid
Awakes to memories of her dead;
And hearts afar in grief must yield,
To the cry of a crimson battle-field.

2

From death and cloud, from sad dismay,
In thought of home, I'll turn away,
Where over her book stands Caddie plodding,
With weary mother near-by nodding,

My little Maggie, gone to rest,
With angels, happy to be blest,
Where Nature drinks her sweet supplies,
For the waste of age, and weary lives.

Forgetful night is brief; and when,
A balmy day shall dawn again,
Each cheerful task,—each deed of duty,
Shall cherish Nature in her beauty;

THE LITTLE HEARTS AT HOME.

Prompt then my Phebe, faithful found,
To out-do Peggie—trudging 'round;
The needful do—composure keep,
The parlor brush—the kitchen sweep;

And next for chick, and pig and duckie,
Prepare a dish—a lunch for puppy;
All neat, complete;—then comes the way,
To get permit to go and play,

With friendly favorites;—Ben and Bub,
With Emma, Jane, or Bertha Rugg;
With Georgie, Marion, or Farie,
Good Alice Brown, or sister Mary;

Blithe, there to spend in social chat,
In sport of childhood, this or that,
An hour of time, (if you obtain it)
'Tis always worth the work to gain it.

AGAIN 'T IS NIGHT.

Still bear in mind, the axiom ever,
“A moment *lost* is lost forever.”
Prompt, prudent there—stay not too long,
Your work and book and little song,

You'll try again, on due return,
And many a useful lesson learn;
Excuse Papa—he'll blow the light,
And dream of *thee* all through the night.

O,—happy childhood, once my own,
Sweet, *dear* delights, forever flown!
Forgetting ne'er that halcyon home,
I'll seek it in a world unknown!



BURNSIDE AT ROANOKE.

FEBRUARY 7, 1862.

1

ANOTHER fleet
Is armed complete,
And manned for southern waters;
To “crack a joke”
On Roanoke,
And conquer the marauders.

BURNSIDE AT ROANOKE.

2

Three columns strong,
Full two miles long,
Move on with power majestic ;
No naval host
E'er ploughed the coast
More gallant, more terrific.

3

Waved far and wide,
High on the tide,
With mighty mail and mortars ;
They storm the sound,
And the heavens resound
Along the inland borders.

4

Fast on the foe,
The weapons of woe
They hurl 'mid blazing thunder

ON SEA AND LAND.

And screaming squibs;
They break the ribs
Of war-ships driven asunder;

5

And crippled the craft,
Before and aft,
Submerging in the distance
To hades goes;
Such heavy blows
Have baffled all resistance.

6

Then to the shore;
A ceaseless roar,
Strange slaughter there foreboding,
Sweeps o'er the land,
Along the strand
With musketry exploding.

BURNSIDE AT ROANOKE.

7

Down there a Wise
Dishonored dies,
And men of might are falling;
On every hand,
On sea and land,
The belching fires are galling.

8

Out from their forts,
And hidden works,
Brave Burnside shortly shows 'em
The way to h'll
By shot and shell,
As down the devil stows 'em.

9

Some fly in squads,
Some seek the Gods,
In prayer for safe protection,

VICTORIOUS.

Some start for home ;
Some skulk alone,
In dread of dire dissection.

10

Three thousand rebs,
With feeble legs,
(Their consciences grow tender,)
For “quarters” cry,
And signify
Their pleasure to surrender.

11

Then, in the sky,
Our banners high
Ascend,—triumphant shouting!
Firm on the wall,
Where traitors fall,
The dear old Flag is floating.

OUR DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1861.

THE REAL AND AVOWED CAUSE OF THE REBELLION.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

1



HE fourth of July,

Advancing is nigh,

It brings not its wonted elation ;

What a contrast in years,

A nation in tears

O'erwhelmed — 'tis a sad celebration !

ITS JOYS ONCE.

Of yore, it was honored
Of hearts high onward,
United in national glory,
The old rusty gun,
The fife and the drum,
And ringing of bells told the story,

How victories were won,
And England out-done,
In the war of the great Revolution;
How tyrants and knaves
Were sent to their graves,
For opposing a free constitution!

Prompt then at command,
Throughout all the land,
Grand fire-works and crackers were snapping;
And crowds in the Town,
From afar swarmed down,
All hither and thither were tramping;

OUR DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

With music and noise,
Both old men and boys,
And matrons and maidens elated,
All welcomed the day's
Fantastic displays,
As the tri-colored banner they greeted.

2

But vainly, alas!
While onward we pass,
The day is beclouded in sadness;
For slavery's chain,
Hath addled the brain,
And driven the master to madness.

To act the fool's part,
Unholy at heart;
With all of the rights they needed,
The Union to smash,

ITS SORROWS NOW.

They stole all our cash,
And piously then, they seceded!

3

They'd tried long in vain
The Senate to gain,
In search of a slave-state majority;
Intent on the whole,
The North to control
By force of a meagre minority.

To a desperate end
Their invasions extend,
The compromise measures unheeded,
To gain by knavery,
Still more States for slavery,⁵²
But two to be added they needed.

Tenacious as yet
In Kansas they met,

OUR DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

Brave patriots in Freedom's devotion,
Disdaining to yield
That broad battlefield
To treason's tyrannical notion.

Bold aggressions, assailed,
The invaders failed;
But took to another intention,
Polluted in schemes,
Their damnable dreams
Were turned to a traitor's convention.

4

Three reasons they had;
The tariff was bad,
By majorities they had been cheated;
Their crafty invention
Of slave-state extension
Had the dare-devil yankees defeated.⁵³

SLAVERY SEEKS POWER.

5

There stood in the way
On that trial day
Old Buck, as they called him, (Buchanan),⁵⁴
A troublesome tool
As taught in that school
Of confederates, a constant companion.

Against such a crime
He dared not decline
A yielding assent to the faction;
A leader, he stood
Most liberal in blood,
Made to flow by fatal inaction.

His day soon expired,
As many desired,
And Abram to power ascended,
Down a by-way track,

OUR DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

In a midnight hack,
From fear of a mob-force offended.⁵⁵

6

The South then in arms
Created alarms;
No navy commanded the ocean;⁵⁶
An army but small,
Mere nothing at all,
To abate the impending commotion.

Fort Sumter they stormed,
For combat they armed,
The traitors in treason for battle,
To rule at command
The whole yankee land,
As they governed an African chattel.

7

The North now awake,
Resistance to make;

THE ONSET.

Brave cohorts, to count by the million,
Prepared for the field,
Sworn never to yield,
Advance to crush the rebellion.

Loud the battle doth roar
As never before,
Afar on the billows of ocean,
And over the hills
Loud thundering fills
The heavens with dread commotion!

8

Such, such is the strife,
A trial for life;
The mothers afar are weeping!
And angels above,
Kind, constant in love,
Their vigils in sorrow are keeping!

OUR DAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

Yet, free from mistake,
Proud History shall make
A record of the true and the brave;
Of virtues to cherish,
Of heroes that perish,
The life of a nation to save.





VICTORY.

WRITTEN for the Fourth of July, 1867, having reference to the statue, Victory, erected on that day at the tomb of the first martyrs of the great Rebellion.

1

Thanks to the God of armies just!

To him all adoration give,

Who cast fell fetters down to dust,

Forgave — to let a nation live!

His hand upholds the stripe and star,

Through tragic yet triumphant years;

VICTORY.

Wide wave that dear old flag afar,
 Beat up your sabre, dry your tears!

Break forth in song, in anthems proud,
 The noisy drum and bugle bring;
With cannon's roar, and trumpet loud,
 Let the vast hills and valleys ring;

Sing—let the nations loud rejoice,
 For deeds heroic hearts have done;
And chant with high, harmonious voice
 Proclaiming praise for Freedom won!

2

Rear high yon STATUE,⁵⁷ proud and just;
 Make glad the consecrated green,
Where doth the soldier's sainted dust,
 Bespeak the sorrow Earth hath seen;

Where Lowell's sons, at danger's post,
 The first to leave and first to fall,



LIBERTY
BY PHILADELPHIA
SCULPTOR, J. C. WATSON
ARCHITECT, J. W. WATSON
1876

ITS HEROES.

Repose,—'tis here a pilgrim host

Shall come for aye—true patriots all.

As well the way-worn maiden true,

Her wreath in tender care shall bring;

And infant Hearts shall come and strew

Fair flowerets, sweetest of the spring.

Ages, for aye, shall know and feel

A sacrifice so nobly made;

And the brave made braver, here shall kneel

To the dust of these, their sainted dead.

3

'Neath darkness drear, the din of war,

Hath waned away along the plain;

Light glimmering down is seen afar,

The Turtle Dove is heard again.

Victory—triumphant, ever dear!

Thy form, thy promptings, true divine!

VICTORY.

Revolving suns, resplendent here,
 Shall glow with homage at thy shrine.
To thee, in turn, fresh garlands fair,
 Shall grateful generations give!
Eternal, ever treasured there,
 The hero in our hearts shall live!

4

Hail, hail the Day!—bright, now at hand!
 (As did our fathers cheer it, thus,)
For Peace in fair COLUMBIA'S land,
 Hath come a harbinger to us;
Her temples rise still higher now,
 Vast, spreading wide her borders are,
Her streams in fuller fountains flow,
 Her highlands fair are greener far.
Brute beasts abounding crowd the stall;
 Gay lilies prouder, spread the lawn;

COLUMBIA AT PEACE.

Blithe birds more prompt their carols call;

The dew-drop sweeter on the thorn;

The plowman jogs with livelier tread;

Meek merchants roam the ocean o'er;

Glad science lifts her clearer head,

And Art more cunning than of yore.

More merry chimes the bell at morn;

The sparkling anvil sharper trills;

More spiky springs the waving corn;

Her flocks more frisky on the hills.

Stars twinkle brighter in the sky;

The moon unclouded, sheds her light;

That king of day, from heaven high,

Looks down with kindlier visage bright.

Thanks to the God of armies just!

To Him all adoration give,

VICTORY.

Who cast fell fetters down to dust,
Forgave— to let a Nation live!

His hand upholds the stripe and star,
Through tragic, yet triumphant, years;
Wide waves that dear old Flag, afar;
Beat up your sabres, dry your tears!





THE TWO BROTHERS.

A BEREAVEMENT.

GOD “bless you little Eddie!
Your father’s only boy;”
Farewell for aye, to Frankie,
A darling earthly joy!

His pilgrimage completed,
And vain,—how vain to weep!
The kindest favors meted,
Afford afflictions deep.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Beyond a veil of sorrow,
His little heart at rest,
We'll miss him on the morrow,
While yet among the blest.

We'll strive in vain to greet him,
In dreams of gloomy night;
Yet waking we will meet him,
In a world of love and light.

Parent of all, forgive us!
Some power of Thine employ;
From the pains of earth relieve us;
Save, *save* my lonely boy!



FESTIVITY.

APRIL 1, 1867. — AN ADVERTISEMENT.



OME, ring the bell—that old church bell,

And hie thee to the festival

In favor of St. Anne;

Go ye, the Church and Laity,

Both old and young in gayety,

As at the call ye can!

This very night at “Huntington,”

The place of pleasantry and fun,

FESTIVITY.

Ye'll haste away anon ;
For true to friendship, fondly sweet,
The Ladies there intend to treat ;
Let all the beaux come on !

Then toll the bell, that old church bell,
And hie thee to the festival,
In honor of St. Anne ;
Go ye, the Church and Laity,
Both old and young in gayety,
All—at the call ye can !



THE MARTYRS.

AN address to the Rev. Dr. Edson, Rector of St. Anne's Church, October 30, 1867, on presenting to him an old History of the Martyrs, printed in London in 1631, to be deposited and perpetuated in "The Rector's Public Library."

1

TIME, time never slumbers, nor fails to work
wonders,
On the heart of great numbers, unfolding their
blunders,

While onward he swings, too often he brings,
High borne on his wings, the most terrible things!

Still there is a charm, a sweet halo to life,
A trust true in God,—for the trouble and strife;

THE MARTYRS.

Forgive and forget, nor murmur again
At the jars and the jeers of the children of men!

2

Far back in the distance, mysterious, behold,
The night-clouds are crimsoned, a story is told;
For there did the fagot fierce fury unfold,
And there stood the martyr, the martyr of old!
Yet see above all a bright banner unfurled,
An ensign of beauty—it waves o'er the world!
Like a bow in the cloud—at the right hand of God,
'Tis the flag of a kingdom in letters of blood.
Give heed to the omen! portentous for good,
Fear not for man's vengeance, the fire, or the flood,
For through the wild tempest that curtains the sky,
Glad tidings are tendered of joy from on high.

3

Proud pledge of the past!—its fulfillment appears,
Down through the succession of unnumbered years;

EARTH'S CONFLICTS.

The Church, wide augmented, is upward and onward,
The world hears her mandate, and moves by her
standard ;

In the wake of her wisdom, her wealth and her
wonder,

'Tis mixed in the nature of mortals to blunder ;

The God of our fathers too apt to offend,
Making light of His favor—forgetting a Friend,

What madness unholy! and why do they rage,
“The heathen benighted” in wrong to engage?

Or, brother with brother to strive in commotion,
Discarding the joys of fraternal devotion?

4

True, true to the world, in the turmoil of strife,
Man wars with a will in the battle of life ;

Like the insect instinctive to work a wise end,
Or the giant ungainly inclined to contend ;

THE MARTYRS.

In love or in hatred, in hope or desponding,
Yet to the great God of creation responding,
To Him who hath care for the ravens that cry,
And to Him whom the faithful forever are nigh,
All honor to give.—Though bewildered of earth,
Beguiled of temptation, to death or to dearth,
The soul of the contrite is anchored above him,
In that Parent of all—deep in duty to love Him.

5

A grain of true charity for man must we treasure,
Whose scars for the right, of his worth are the measure;
A veil would we draw, o'er his labors and lodgings,
And fain would abstain from his doubts and his dodgings.
Life is but a lesson, a problem for all,
The noble, ignoble, to stand or to fall;
All nature in conflict, beginning at birth,
Not less is the church in her trials on earth;

THEIR RECORD.

All move by one power, one instinct prevails,
One hope and one purpose, though sometimes it fails;
Her high-ways are numerous and winding at best,
Yet do they all tend to one region of rest.
They say there's a kingdom, that day shall disclose,
Unlike the vain world, her weal and her woes,
Up thither, oh, lead us in the pathway of light!
Nor let us mistake the wrong for the right.

6

Here, here is the Record recalling that day,
When the spirit, triumphant, went upward away;
When the forms of the faithful to ashes were laid,
And progress for Zion by the martyr was made.
Though time hath beclouded the page, as you see,
The Record is sacred,—I bring it to thee,
In the name of the worthies that witnessed that strife,
Of the saint thus heroic, who gave up his life;

THE MARTYRS.

In the name of the Author, the Printer and Scribe,
Tenacious and true to their God and their tribe ;

In the name of the Ship's-crew that came o'er the sea,
And brought down such treasure to the Pilgrim and
thee.

Down from that old pilgrim, whose finger removed
The dry-dust that darkened this leaf that he loved,

I've come ;—and I welcome the presence to-night,
Of Fox and of Young, from that land of delight,

Of Rogers and Hooper of regal renown,
Ever proud like the angels, yet prone to look down,

Alive to the tribute, (complacent above,)

We pay to the shrine of truth and of love,

Of zeal that withstands the fire and the flame ;

Of faith that ne'er falters in God's holy name ;

Of hope like an anchor made steadfast away

Beyond the death-damp of unholy dismay.

THEIR FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

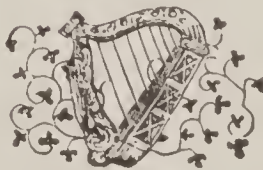
In sight of the angels make much of these pages;
You'll hold them in trust for the far-coming ages;
Though fraught full of trial, of tumult and tears,
They'll mind thee of Zion in her progress of years;
Thy daughters shall read them, thy sons shall grow
 wise,
The pilgrim shall seek them as light from the skies;
Far down on the tide-way of time yet to come,
Thy Rectors successive shall bear them along;
And true like the star in the firmament shone,
Shall the faith of the martyr to the nations be known.

7

His faith is but thine, as it nobly hath stood,
It hath reared thee a temple, a vestry for good;
A church in her beauty, old worthy St. Anne,
For aye shall she prosper, as blest be thy hand;

THE MARTYRS.

Ever grand in progression—her ensign unfurled,
A fountain of wisdom, a light to the world;
Generations that rise, like the waves of the sea,
As they gather and go, shall learn lessons of thee;
Full faith here abounding, true knowledge extending,
Glad tidings of joy from thy labors descending.
Long years are advancing, revolving, returning,
Yet the fires at thine altar are brilliantly burning;
Around thee we'll gather, in faith to be blest,
By the light of thy day-star, still bright in the west;
Embrace, my dear Rector, these VOLUMES of old,
Far, bearing them onward, their pages unfold!⁵⁸



A PRESCRIPT.

March 29th, 1867.

To R. B. C., Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR: Herewith I beg leave to transmit to you one of my purely vegetable remedies, which all travellers up Parnassus should keep by them for such attacks on the stomach as the climate induces. Should you and Constantia* take any morning walks up that mountain together, may there be within hearing

Your humble friend,

J. C. A.

THE REPLICATION.



IVE forever! my dear Doctor!

Thee and thine in days divine;

To cure the world of all diseases,

Burning thirst, or chill that freezes,

As thou divested me of mine!

*The name of certain wines found by the author in a box, containing also other presents.

THE REPLICATION.

Thanks for favors fraught with pleasure,
Wine and gems from foreign land,
Thanks for a kindly keep-sake treasure,
Benefactions without measure,
Bounteous from a healing hand.

No more to know disease disastrous,
Health, ye'll have it,—ne'er to falter;
Haste! haste! to clamber up Parnassus;
Constantia, beauteous, blest of Bacchus,
Shall pour libations at thine altar.
Thine,

R. B. C.

March 29, 1867.



THE WAG IN A GRAVE-YARD.

1



WAG one day, his cares to drown,
Had taken too much cider;
He bent his way for a neighboring town,
Yet wandered far and wider.

The grave-yard gate had open blown,
By the winds of winter creeping,
And over a tomb he tumbled down,
Yet found no place for sleeping.

THE WAG IN A GRAVE-YARD.

He rolled amid the drowsy dead,
As the night-watch would attest to,
Then staggering high, he fell, but said,
“*I’ll rise whene’er the rest do.*”

2

A fisherman while on his way,
When morn came breaking proudly,
Descried the carcass, where it lay,
And blew his trumpet loudly.

It raised our hero from the mire,
Who thought, from where he lay,
He’d heard the sound, and saw the fire,
Of the fearful judgment day.

He staggers forth, and rubs his eyes,
(As the story is related)
“Yes! *faith,*” (says he) “I’m *first to rise,*
Unless I’m much belated.”

HEED NOT THE CUP.

3

Poor Wanderer! Let me turn to say;
Temptation—heed it never!
Turn from the grave-yard—*turn away*;—
It seeks the sot forever.⁵⁹

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A CARD.

FRIEND C.—Can you furnish me a companion of exactly your dimensions for an hour's idleness and ride into the country? If you can,—come to my cart,—I will be at your service.

Yours, in a hurry,

J. C. A.

June 8, 1870.

THE ANSWER.

AT EVE.



CURSE on *y'r* letter, it comes too late!

I feel the fangs of bitter fate

In devilish disapp'intment,—

Driving the nerves ajar, unstrung

As if indeed I'd just been hung!

I crave *y'r* healing 'intment.

C.



THE LOST CHILDREN.

A GHOST IN A CLOUD.

1

DOWN to my door at night forlorn,
I met her bending low;
She'd waded through the sleet and storm,
Strange!—what had made her so?⁶⁰

Cold were her locks with driven snow,
Her person curious clad,
Her heart beguiled to the depths of woe,
Gave vent to wailings mad.

'Twas like the work of wicked war,
Which earth itself enshrouded,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

That from the wilderness afar,
A soul had thus beclouded.

True, true it proved, vague tidings came
Of life and death successive;
Dark days of doubt, upon the dame,
But makes the grief impressive.

Bending beneath earth's broken ties,
By baneful wrongs to languish,
She turns but to soliloquize,
In wild, relenting anguish.

2

"Sad rumor comes from far away,
A chill of death upon me,
All night—all day—it brings dismay;
Faint, fearful for my Johnny!

"Has he no thought, nor mind, nor care,
For infants left so sadly;

A MOTHER MOURNS.

While to my knee they gather there,
To greet me often gladly?

“Is life, O God! a gift of Thine,
Yet Thine so soon to sever?
And are these little babes of mine
To be bereft forever,

“Like me to weep?—no more to share
A father’s fond caressing;
No more of love—no more that care,
That kind, paternal blessing!

“O, give me back my former year,
Life’s languid hour to gladden,
That brought me ne’er a sigh, nor tear,
Nor death, nor dearth to sadden!

“Oft Tommy talks of Papa dear,
Not knowing how it grieves me;

THE LOST CHILDREN.

And little Johnny brings him near,
At every time he sees me.

“A neighbor true is more discreet,
More hopeful of the morrow,
Yet darling Katie, at my feet,
Imparts a pang of sorrow.

“My Johnny when he left me lone,
He pressed these infants to him,
And tried to cheer this heart, my own,
In tenderest, wildest wooing.

“The cold December gales had come,
The drum was then tattooing,
My last embrace indeed was done,
Yet Katie clung unto him.

“Let go,” he whispered,—“Katie, dear,”
His eye a tear discloses ;

FATHERLESS.

“The spring will soon again appear,
Papa will bring you posies.”

3

“Sweet spring hath come and gone again,
And winter comes to-morrow,
To me the roses bloomed in vain,
They brought me naught but sorrow.

“O’erwhelmned of war! what will I do?
It causes tearful tattle;
God of my life! oh, tell me true,
Is Johnny lost in battle?

“Mine is he now, and hath he care,
His promise kindly keeping,
Or in the grave to slumber there,
Unmindful of my weeping?

“I strive to hear a hopeful thing,
Some solace seek around me,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Tidings of death are on the wing,
Vague messages confound me.

“In dream I start at empty sound,
Nor voice, nor foot-step near me,
'Neath shades of night I ramble round,
Where Johnny used to cheer me.”

4

Long, long she wanders, loosing strength,
In wild, bewildering sorrow;
Till pinching poverty, at length,
Appears in haggard horror.

November frowns with frosty air,
That shakes the house-hold shivering,
Their little feet are purple bare,
That mother's heart is quivering.

Then came the overseer cold
As crag of icy ocean;

THEIR POVERTY AND SEPARATION.

Whose heart is stone, whose god is gold,
And self is deep devotion.

5

Whom to dissuade, list ye the lad,
The eldest of the three ;
“My mother dear, spare her,” he said,
“Her little ones and me.”

“A soldier lived within this wall,
He loved us ever chary ;
And when he heard his country’s call,
’Twas here he bade us tarry.

“Leave me to dwell with kindred blood—
Permit no dread division,
For this, my father prayed of God,
And praying, died in prison.

“Near and more near as days depart,
Endearments hold us hither ;

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Oh! spare ye then a mother's heart,
And let us live together."

At this the overseer starts,
And but a word advances,
"What care have we for broken hearts?
They'll favor our finances?"

6

Then at a poor-house, lone and sad,
Cold negligence annoys her;
Grief can but make a mother mad,
Yet perfidy destroys her.

Mute there to brood beneath a cell,
On what may next beset her,
On sin and satan, death and hell,
Made worse instead of better.

One day that little train came in,
Sweet Katie, John and brother;

HEARTLESSNESS.

Each heart withheld a sigh within,
But took their leave of mother.

With strange surprise she saw them start,
And heard the carriage clatter,
But ne'er to tears could move her heart,
From that day ever after.

A chill, like death, came o'er her frame,
A paleness on her brow ;
And what from simple sorrow came,
Is morbid madness now.

7

As if from God, a spirit stood,
To say it, once forever,—
“Idols ye had, they're gone for good,
Again ye'll see them never.

“In pain ye'd brought them each in turn,
To this cold world of care,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

Each tender foot had taught to spurn,
Its vile besetting snare.

“In sorrow struggling day by day,
Intent to soothe distress,
Ye’ve watched the midnight hours away,
Their little lives to bless.

“Now far away, forever gone,
Where frailties find no limit,
Where Christians made a Christian home,
Yet satan lurks within it.”

8

Thus spake the ghost;—then fled on high
Within the shady vapor;
And left that mother with a sigh,
For heartless human nature.

That vapor cloud, still floating high,
The breath of heaven bore it;

A VOICE IN THE CLOUD.

Above that infant train, and nigh,
An angel went before it.

It drooped for days in curtains dark,
High o'er that home of horror,
'Then with a forked lightning spark,
Turned westward still to follow.

Far there above the prairie plain,
It mutters murky thunder,
And drops a tear for the little train,
Up gazing full of wonder.

9

Then from that cloud a *message* came,
In soft but strange expression, —
“From love of gain, vain man, refrain,
It fosters vile oppression.

“There is a God, in the heavens high,
A hell of fire beneath it;

THE LOST CHILDREN.

An angel spirit always nigh,
How can ye disbelieve it?

“A hell indeed for the priest that tries
To gain a golden treasure,
Nor heeds a pang of broken ties,
To carry out the measure;

“That never hears the heart’s complaint,
Nor sees in *pain*, an evil,
Who when the more ‘he feigns the saint,’
The more he serves the devil.”

10

Still there he stands, too strange to tell,
In godliness deceptive,
With infant souls to let or sell,
Who’ve thus been taken captive.

Priest of the world! go seek the swine,
And take the husks they’re eating;

WILD SHE SEEKS THEM.

But ne'er to strut in robes divine,
For money or for cheating.⁶¹

'Tis you that voice bespeaks, beware;
'Tis a *shame*, the signs betoken;
For what beguiled a mother's care,
A mother's heart hath broken.

Time hath advanced, behold her now,
By bond from bondage taken;
Yet madness dwells upon her brow,
Her nerves are quivering, shaken.

11

Away in mental morbid pain,
She roams the desert dreary,
Sure victim of unholy gain,
In tangled path-ways weary.

With holy Bible held at hand,
In prayer, pathetic, ponders,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

High on the hill-top takes a stand,
Deep in the forest wanders.

She calls and calls each child in turn,
With trumpet tongue bespeaks them,
Wild, 'neath the bending brake and fern,
Far in the echo seeks them.⁶²

Angelic souls of kindred dead,
Their vigils still are keeping,
And from that cloud high over head,
She hears the *father* speaking.

'Mazed and bewildered at the sound,
Her feeble frame is falling;
Still, there's a cry up from the ground
For Katie, Katie calling.

Statutes of earth! how frail and faint!
How coy, her court's condition;

GIVE US A WHIP!

How *vain* the inmost soul's complaint,
A mother's meek petition!⁶³

Father of love;—vouchsafe to tell,—
Our hearts oppressed, yet praying,
Why, in the sight of heaven and hell,
Thy judgments are delaying!

Grant to the world some *law of Thine*,
Or *scourge* to be relied on,
Drive out the devil from deeds divine,
And hypocrites from Zion!

12

That wail of woe, no light it had,
The evening shades came o'er it,
High in the sky with murmurings mad,
A fearful tempest bore it.

Down to my door at night forlorn,
I met her bending low,

121

THE LOST CHILDREN.

While yet, that cold, complaining storm,
Brings messages of woe.

13

Such, such is earth,—so often so,
Fain would the heart abscond it!
Its poisoned drugs we drink, but know
There is a balm beyond it.

Crime hath a fearful penalty,
Oft meted out to sinners;
A *fool* is but a specialty,
The wise are always winners.

ENDURANCE.

Ye've heard she seeks her Katie mild,
In thorny pathways pondering,

HIDDEN FAR AWAY.

Frantic to roam in deserts wild,
Far in the wood-land wandering.

Yet there's a calm in the morning light,
And the noon is full of flowers;
And love and hope are beaming bright,
To lull the lingering hours.

Her dove comes back to coo at dawn,
And the sparrow chirps above her,
Uncalled the petted patient fawn
Stands at the door to love her.

But waiting brings not Katie home,
Nor wandering far to find her,
A mother's cry the clouds bemoan,
The sun but serves to blind her.

Life's weary day hath crushing care,
And night hath pangs infernal;

ENDURANCE.

Her every path-way holds a snare,
Her wailings, wild, eternal.

Quaint echo quick that plaint returns,
On zephyrs softly sighing,
And beauteous Nature, blushing, burns,
Earth's cruelties denying.

God give us balm!—for tedious years;
Repentance!—for transgression;
A vigorous faith for trouble and tears,
Prompt vengeance—for oppression.



A NIGHT THOUGHT.

P A T E R N A L.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 30, 1862. — ADDRESSED TO A LITTLE MISS WHO
HAD RETURNED TO NEW ENGLAND.



HY little bed is vacant;
Now free from busy day,
Our thought is fresh and fragrant,
For Caddie far away.

Ye Winds, my window pressing,
Some Voice divine obey,
And bear a father's blessing,
To Caddie far away.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Break not her calm repose,
Breathe vespers, meek and mild,
Go, scatter garland roses,
The lily, lovely, wild !

Softly enchant her slumbers,
With sweet angelic lay,
In pure ecstatic numbers,
From regions far away.

Then hail the morn's bright breaking,
Bring balmy, beauteous day,
To thought divine awaking,
My Caddie far away !



THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

FEBRUARY 10, 1864.

1

QUITE far beyond the village din,
(The shades of night are gathering in;)

A matron moves with faltering tread,
A sable shawl hangs o'er her head;

She hath no heed while passing there,
Of the outward world devoid of care.

Yet up the frosty hill she sped,
Passed many a mansion of the dead,

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

And winding through a narrow dell,
Upon the drifted snow she fell !

Her right hand holds a new-made bier,
Her left removes a falling tear,

Her soul o'erwhelmed of anguish keen,
'Tis o'er the grave of Frederick Greene.

2

"Great God!" she prays, "is this the doom
Of sons and mothers here below ?

"We press a pathway to the tomb,
Yet ne'er can know another's woe.

"Impart to us, a sinful race,
Full knowledge of Thy sovereign power ;

"But spare!—oh, spare, with pardoning grace,
A nation in her darkest hour.

HER PRAYER.

“Thy judgments dread are in the cloud,
There’s fire tempestuous in the blast;

“We see Thy vengeance in the storm,
Earth’s armies, fearful, falling fast;

“The oppressor, vile, provoked Thy wrath,
In shame and sorrow, sad, confessed!

“Obstruct the wayward tyrant’s path,
Relieve the bond-man, still oppressed!

“Forgive our crime!—distract the foe,
That lurks in treason to destroy,

“That brings a suppliant mother low,
Still weeping o’er her darling boy!”

3

Above that prayer, a cloud arose,
And darkness veiled that dread repose.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

Yet there amid the storm that blew,
Was heard a mother's last adieu!

Then leaving lone that icy mound,
Homeward inclined, she wanders 'round,

Through many an unknown path and plot,
Yet finds at length her long-left cot,

Silent within!—no friend is there,
Save Freddie's dog in faithful care.

The flickering light had ceased to burn,
So had the embers in their turn.

There sunk to rest, where once her dead
Had cradled, in a cotter's bed,

Where memory dwells on all the past,
The summer day—the winter's blast;

Earth's cherished hopes, now known no more,
And joys long lost, she ponders o'er;

HER DREAM.

4

Still did the hail-storm beat in vain,
True faith in God relieved her pain.

Yet with the dreary tempest sound,
Strange phantom shadows glided 'round,

Till sleep benumbed a weary frame,
As last was breathed that *dearest name*.

5

Now, drowned in balmy slumber's sway,
The matron dreamed that night away

In peaceful thought. In regions fair,
She saw a mighty army there,—

Away beyond Earth's battle-storm,
And Freddie—still in uniform.





THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

TALK WITH A GHOST,

AT MY NATIVE BARRINGTON, N. H., SATURDAY EVE,

OCTOBER 20, 1866.

1

THEY'RE sacred now, these walls of wood!
Ah! what can bear comparison!
From age to age they've nobly stood,
They've braved the conflict, storm and flood
Of the olden time, a Garrison.

2

Deserted now, within, without,
Alone, aloof, upon a hill,

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

And rumor rife hath come about,
That "in those port-holes looking out,
The midnight spectre lingers still."

3

And now, ye ghosts, if ghost there be,
Speak! speak, and tell us of the strife,
When you had life and limbs as we,
When panting pilgrims had to flee
The tomahawk and scalping knife.

4

When in that boundless forest wild,
At sound of war-whoop from afar,—
How, anxious, up and down ye filed,
And hewed the logs, and upward piled
This fortress rude. How in dread war

5

At humble huts, far scattered wide,
To toil ye gave the weary day,

SURROUNDED.

Then driven here, at eventide,
The child and mother, side by side,
Fast winding through the thorny way.

6

Unheeded then the beasts of prey,
The prowl of wolf no terrors brought,
Nor rancorous reptiles in the way,
The pilgrim heart knew no dismay,
Save what the knife and faggot taught.

7

Within these doors then bolted fast,
Say, what of dreams? Pray *speak* and tell,
How, oft amid the tempest blast,
Ye heard the rattling arrows cast,
The mid-night gun, the savage yell.

8

What tearful thought, and what the care,
That moved the matrons, and the men

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

To hug sweet infants, cradled there,
To guard the household, and to share
The dangers dread impending then!

9

And what when tedious years had passed,
To mourn thy many kindred slain!
Here then, at peace, ye lived at last,
Yet did the sands of life fall fast,
And dust to dust returned again.

10

How then the spirit, wafted high,
From lifeless nature 'neath the ground;
Then from the portals of the sky,
'Mid clouds of night,—oh, tell us why
In this old fort ye still are found!

11

Whence are thy joys eternal, bright,
As if ye had no faltering fear,

THE NATIVE TRIBES.

No sad bereavement, pain nor blight,
Nor care to cramp that calm delight,
Foretold of faith in such career?

12

Ye've seen the tribes that roamed of yore,
From Lovell's Lake to the falls of Berwick,
Or down Cocheco's wood-land shore,
Where Wat-che-no-it dipped his oar,
At Dover old, or Squanomegonic.⁶⁴

13

Since then as now to the market town,
From the hills afar, yet blue and bland,
'Mid summer's heat or winter's frown,
How settlers teamed their treasures down,
Proud in the products of the land.

14

Their foot-prints firm are on the plain
'Mid blighting frost, or vigorous health,

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

Where varied life of joy and pain,
Hath learned of mother earth how vain
Is pride, or fame, or sordid wealth!

15

Then tell us true, if well ye may,
Since tribe and pilgrim hither met;
How generations lived their day,
How each in turn have passed away,
But where, O where, untold as yet!

16

Of all that host, some knowledge lend,
That from the world the years have hurried,
Say, what of Waldron, what his end?—
Old “Mi-an-to-ni-mo” his friend,
And “Mossup slain yet kindly buried.”⁶⁵

17

Say, if amid that spirit sphere,
Ye have full knowledge freely given,



THE BARN, BARNSTABLE, MASS.
—
This barn was built by the late
Mr. John A. Smith, and is now
owned by his son, Mr. J. A. Smith.

THE SPECTRE SPEAKS.

Why thus withhold from mortals here
The glories grand, forever dear
To thee and thine, of death and heaven.

18

The spectre, listening, seemed to move,
Half hidden still within the wall,
In garb of light and looks of love,
With cadence strange as from above,
Made answer thus, the one for all:

19

“Why thus should men make search to know
Their final fate forever hidden?
Beyond this world of weal and woe,
Your vision finite ne’er can go;
Enough for man it is forbidden.

20

“What truth in Abraham ye trace,
And what of Israel’s tribes are told,

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

What Bunyan wrote of the pilgrim race,
Ye well may know, and grow in grace,
As the fathers faithful did of old.

21

“Enough! and why should we disclose
The purpose grand ordained above,
Betray the trust that heaven bestows,
And tempt the world from calm repose,
Its tranquil life and truthful love.

22

“Then banish care! Earth can but see,
Far in the cloud, a guardian hand;
Nor heed the storm, alike as we,
True mariners upon the sea,
Ye’ll find the pilgrim’s promised land.”

23

The night-damp dark in curtains fell,
Hushed were the hills and valleys green,

BE-CLOUDED.

I bent my foot-step down the dell,
A voice there whispered,—“All is well,”—
And nothing more was said or seen.



SAM THE CARPENTER.

1869.

A WORD TO SAM AT THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE THAT
LOOKED LIKE AN ARK.



NE other such there lived before,
In days of old—they call'd him Noah;
Who built an ark (like any squatter)
And trusted God for wind and water.

Then (as they say) when the fearful fountains
Came rolling down the murky mountains,
It knocked the ark away to swim,
And the “hangers-on” went tumbling in.

Some took it faithless—some in fun,
“’Tis but a shower,” were the words of one;

SAVE YOUR NEIGHBORS.

Still to the ark, they turned to swim,
But Noah cried—"Ye can't come in!

Sam, save your neighbors!—Let us know
When next the the angry floods shall flow!
Your ark all rigged—we well may chance it,
Sure—tell us—when ye'll try to launch it!





LOSS OF LOVE.

I'VE heard from him but once a week!"
Thus murmuring did the maiden speak;
In faith I turned to tell her, then:
The ink had frozen in the pen.

When latent fires are held, at will,
Beneath a frost-bound, heavy hill,—
Thence can ye see volcanic flame?
Man's heart is heavy, much the same.

If darkness dwell beyond the night,
Or dews congeal in frigid blight,

LOSS OF LOVE.

Alas! for thrift or glow or blaze,
Without inspiring, genial rays.

What though ye ferret out the cause
Of this or that in Nature's laws,
Of this or that in erring man;
'Tis but in vain ye'll try to scan

The inmost soul! The promptings, why
Full many a swain have stept awry,
Ye cannot tell,—yet fain would ken:
The ink had frozen in the pen.

Unhappy Miss! pray heed the laws
Of Nature's God, and learn the cause
Of wayward life. Too true of men,
The ink congealeth in the pen.

Still oft, how wondrous hard to find
What shapes the frailties of mankind!

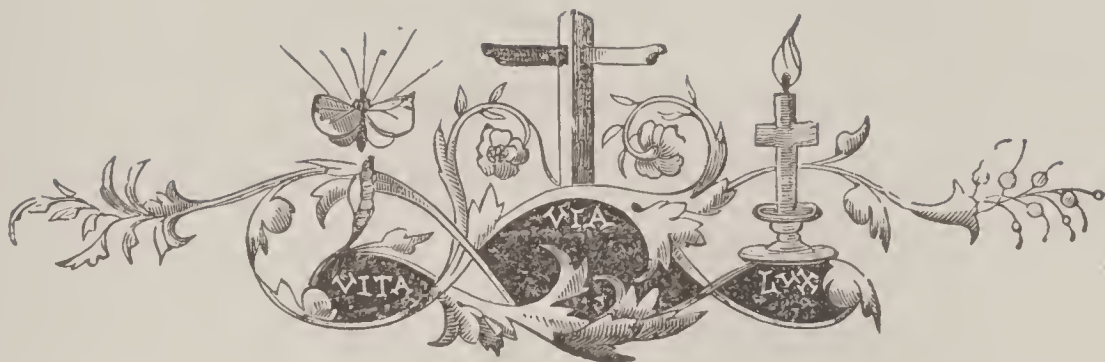
ENDURE HARDNESS.

Or how to heal a hapless wound,
From "the green-eyed monster" creeping 'round

Imagined wrongs are bitter foes;
Seek to avoid unwelcome woes,
And learn forsooth, 'tis not complaint,
That makes "a Joseph" or a saint;

But *love* so true, so prompt and pure,
As through all trials to endure,
It melts the frigid hearts of men;
And *sure*, the ink will "go it" then.





AN AUTOGRAPH.

THIS lyric is addressed to the author's Patrons. Seven books containing their signatures are delivered to S. K. H., Esq., ex-President of the Middlesex Mechanics' Association, to be deposited in their public library for preservation and future reference. Their names are appended.

1



AN autograph of many a friend,
Impressed, you'll find it, on these pages;
My "Merrimac," we greeting send,
And other volumes—ne'er to lend,
Through Time's eventful future ages.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

What better boon could I bestow,
To thee or thine in friendship kind?
'Mid toil or care 'tis sweet to know,
That from the world whene'er we go,
We've left an autograph behind.

2

Here will you find a favorite name;
And many memories call to mind,
Ye'll trace perhaps some fault, or fame,
Yet soon with all 'twill be the same,
A meek memento, left behind.

While yet ye note some sign of age,
Or hardy hand or youthful mind,
If generous hearts your thought engage,
Ye'll find them written on the page
Of autographs, here left behind.

And while ye seek the joys that flow
From faithful friend or neighbor kind,

KINDLY GIVEN.

'Twill grateful be to feel and know,
The heart that felt another's woe,
Hath left an autograph.

Then if adown the leaf across,
A soldier brave ye seek and find,
'Tis he who counts the world but dross,
In truth a soldier of the cross
Hath left an autograph.

And if ye follow further o'er,
Still true to charity inclined,
Ye'll find the hand that fed the poor,
That noble soul, to be no more,
Hath left an autograph.

All these ye'll count with candid grace,
As true and just;—to faith inclined;
All in thine heart shall find a place,
Descendants of a Saxon race,
Of noble blood and lofty mind.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

3

Far from a wave-worn, barren bluff,
 We're outward bound;—yet fain would find,
Beyond the angry billows, rough,
A sphere congenial—'tis enough,—
 A brief memorial left behind!

Down that dark wave, still going, gone,
 A train aloof—we follow near,—
Yet when an *hundred years* have flown,
What though we'll wander back, unknown—
 Vain!—vain to seek a comrade here!

Whom we may see at that far day,
 At the native home or in the hall;
What we will know or feel to say,
To pilgrims here, then on their way
 Remains a mystery for all.

Yet will we scan, bright rolling down,
 Our proud old *Merrimac* amain;

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

How gladly then, when Lowell town,
In vast progression and renown

Looms up in beauty, once again!

Lo! then we'll trace, with vision keen,

The church grown *old*, the *faded* dome;

The deep worn street, we once had seen,

The *giant* shade-trees on the green,

And the marble *crumbling* at the tomb!

Then down the way seen there, at will,

The full-grown throngs that crowd the gate,

The shop, the school-house, and the mill,

In every vale, on every hill,

With strange inventions made of late.

Ardent at work we'll note, as now,

The lawyer, doctor, and divine,

Each in his place, and further how

The gardner, trudging, drives his plow,

Increased ten-fold from the olden time.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

We'll see the merchant at his trade,
With all the hosts that toil for gain,
Of every kindred, name and grade,
Deep hoarding wealth, with schemes well laid,
Still heedless of fatigue or pain.

Then once again, list! list the bell!
It chimes afar, from yonder steeple!
Grown old and worn, yet sounding well,
Down from the past in faith to tell:

Sweet memories, true, of a sainted people!⁶⁶
That hundred years—as of the past,
Old TIME keeps tally, quick to count it,
Nor life, nor lot hath man to last;
Fixed to the world a care is cast,
Yet faith and labor shall surmount it.

4

This is no gaudy gift, you see,
No pearly gem, nor gold refined,

OUR MEMENTO.

It is a *sign*, a token free,
An emblem true to thine and thee,
The mark of an immortal mind.

Lead us to science, love, and art,
And cherish life's memento, true;
'Tis manhood's noblest, proudest part,
To hold that golden rule at heart,
Which heaven prescribes to me and you.



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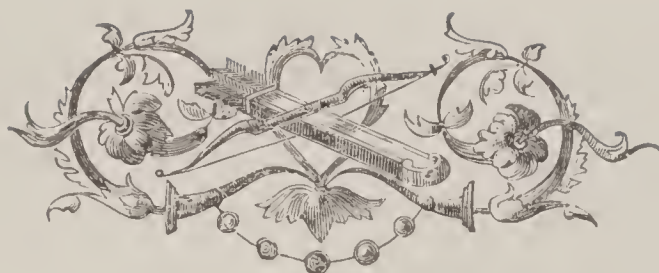
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ABBREVIATIONS.

Agt., Agent.	Cond'r, Conductor.	Wa. Com., Water Com- missioner.
Bar., Barrister.	P. C., Police Court.	Dep. Sher'f, Deputy Sheriff.
Surg., Surgeon.	Cash'r, Cashier.	Pay Mas., Pay Master.
Over'r, Overseer.	Expr's, Express.	Bro., Broker.
Hist'n, Historian.	Pres., President.	Mar'l, Marshal.
Invt., Inventor.	Ald., Alderman.	M. Wright, Mill Wright.
Ins., Insurance.	C.C., Common Council.	Con., Constable.
Art., Artist.	Mf., Manufacturer.	Sch'ls, Schools.
Tea'r, Teacher.	Jour., Journalist.	Eug'r, Engineer.
Mess'r, Messenger.	Ed., Editor.	Sol'r, Solicitor.
Supt., Superintendent.	Trea'r, Treasurer.	Elo't, Elocutionist.
Pho., Photographer.	Draft'n, Draftsman.	
May'r, Mayor.	Inn K., Inn Keeper.	



APPENDIX.

NOTE 44—page 7. The “Bride of Burton” was written at the suggestion of one of the author’s friends, H. M. Ordway, Esq., while on an excursion among the mountains of New England, in the summer of 1870.

The story of Chocorua, as found in a vigorous legend by the late Mrs. Maria Child, is substantially as follows:—

Cornelius Campbell, of Burton, N. H., left his hut for a hunt in June. When he returned to dinner, his wife and children had all been slain by the Indians. Chocorua’s brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time of the murder.

Afterwards, Chocorua was known as having retreated to the mountain which has since borne his name. Campbell then got up a party to cut off the retreat of this Prophet.

One day, Chocorua was startled at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below.

He replied — “The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of the white-man.”

“Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white-man’s thunder!” exclaimed Cornelius Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice.

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Campbell fired. The next moment the blood bubbled from the Prophet's neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But recovering and raising himself on his hand, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased.

"A curse on ye white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire!

"Chocorua had a son; and ye killed him when the sky looked bright! Lightnings blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The evil spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indian! Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones!

"Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit!—his curse stays with the white-man!"

The Prophet sank upon the ground still uttering inaudible curses. They left his bones there. From thence the tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them; the winds tore up the trees, and hurled them to their dwellings; their crops were blasted; their cattle died; and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnants of the tribe departed from the fated spot, to mingle with more prosperous colonies. Cornelius Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellow-men; and two years after, he was found dead in his hut.

During many years the cattle in the town of Burton, now Albany, at the base of Chocorua, were afflicted with strange diseases; and the strongest inhabitants became sickly.

But science proves these diseases to have been brought on by impurity of the water in that region, which contained a weak solution of muriate of lime. Yet for many years they were attributed to Chocorua's dying curse.

T. Starr King says, the charming cultivated intervals in the village of Albany, which now add to the beauty of the prospect from the battered crest of Chocorua mountain, intimate either that the Sachem's wrongs have been expiated, or that his dusky spirit has been appeased.

APPENDIX.

An account of Chocorua and his tragic death is also given by our venerable friend, Samuel G. Drake, in his celebrated "History of the North American Indians," published in 1845. From this, as well as from tradition, it appears that the dearth, and the diseases, on and about this tragic mountain, have ever been attributed to the curses of Chocorua.

NOTE 45—page 19. "Little Lilla" was the daughter of our neighbor and friend, Mr. Ira Leonard, and this brief lyric was written January 25, 1869, for her little friends.

NOTE 46—page 23. These brief lines, "ONWARD TO THE SEA," are especially inscribed to the author's friend, *Col. James Francis*, of L., a soldier who had stood with Sherman on the shores of the sea.

NOTE 47—page 27. SEDGWICK fell in the wilderness of Virginia, May 9, 1864, not far from the Spotsylvania Court House, near a stream called the Po.

Curtis says: "The country heard of his death as of the loss of an army." At his burial "no military salute was fired above his grave; but a solitary peal of thunder suggested the soldier's life and death; Sedgwick died, but the victory was won."

NOTE 48—page 43. The poem to which this note is appended was written as representing the reverie of a young lady while on her first excursion up the Kennebec, in August, 1869.

Brief allusion is made to her uncle, Hon. John A. Penttill, formerly Mayor of Augusta, as *one* among many of an industrious people, who now in the place of the Red-man inhabit the hills along this historic river, and who are distinguished alike for thrift, urbanity and hospitality.

In 1637, two natives, Dehamda and Skett, warriors, who aided in the survey of the coast of Massachusetts, under the auspices of Lord Chief Justice Popham, piloted the first New England colony to the mouth of the Sagadahock river, since called the Kennebec. *Sagadahock*, so called by the natives, is said to be derived from

APPENDIX.

the word "*Sung-gua-dee-runk*," which signifies "coming in," or entrance of a river.

From a deposition of one Lithgow, given June 6, 1767, it appears that he had seen old deeds made a century before that time, wherein this river had been called the "Sagguadahock and the Kennebec, indifferently."

The Kennebec is supposed to have taken its name from a sachem by the name of Kennebis. This sachem, with others, made conveyances of lands on the Kennebec.

In the elaborate "*History of Augusta*," by James W. North, Esq., it appears that the first white adventurer up the Kennebec, for the purpose of trade, was Capt. Edward Winslow. This was in the year 1625. His craft was a shallop loaded with corn. He obtained seven hundred pounds of beaver, besides other furs.

Ancient "*Cushnoc*," (now Augusta) is rapidly advancing. In 1865, the Hon. William Sprague's attention was called to that locality as affording great power for manufacturing purposes; and his works there at this time are fast becoming prominent.

It is worthy of record, and of commendation, that Augusta in January, 1867, volunteered a donation of \$250,000 to Messrs. Sprague & Co., as an inducement facilitating their generous enterprises in that beautiful city.

Since Winslow's excursion up the Kennebec in 1625, its navigation and trade has been varied, yet constantly progressive. At this day it has become profitable and interesting to the *excursionist* during the genial months of spring, summer and autumn, as well as to the magnanimous people who inhabit its shores.

NOTE 49—page 50. This epic (matrimonial) was written December 28, 1870, at the suggestion of a party, who, on that night, according to the fashion of these times, produced a surprise to Mr. G. S. and Mrs. L. Hatch, of L., on the anniversary of their wedding day. The name of Mrs. H. before marriage was Hudson.

It is a common as well as praiseworthy trait in the manners of our people, as manifested by "social gatherings," "surprises" and

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otherwise, that as the years roll on, they seek to make life agreeable, taking pleasure in recalling and perpetuating its early social and kindly incidents and enjoyments.

NOTE 50—page 57. The landscape at the Lowell cemetery, to which allusion is made in the context, is truly picturesque and beautiful. It has the silvery waters of the fair Concord on its west, and the historic and cone-like Fort Hill on its north. The verdure is vigorous and its shades are cool and inviting.

Let no vandal hand hack down these sacred groves. Let no corrupt taste, adverse to nature, or to her works or inspirations, be permitted to desecrate its silent mansions, by clearing the beautiful moss from the venerable monuments, or by removing from them the little foot-prints of the many kindly associates of the saints who slumber beneath them. Flowers are comely, but they bloom but for a day. The days wherein they will be thought of in any given case, will be few. The life of a man's friends who may visit his ashes, is of the like momentary duration. Depend not on flowers—and away with your marble, if you have it, except simply and permanently to mark the sod. Give to the dead what to them and to good taste would be by far more desirable, the lofty tree, and its deep shades inviting the pilgrim;—the green myrtle—the moss in its vigor—the harmless, familiar squirrel—and the heart-moving, never-dying companionship of the warbling wild-bird. Give them these, and let them rest in peace. It is a matter of general public interest that the monuments of our dead should be allowed to put on Nature's venerable true colorings, untouched of vulgar hands, and unwashed of soap-suds.

NOTE 51—page 64. “The Lutheran and Missionary” defines the signification of our country's flag, thus—“The *white* typifies the purity of purpose which belongs to her true ruler; the *red* points to the crimson tide in which life flows from a willing offering; the *blue* reminds her of the home in heaven, to which the good are gathered. The *stars* in her banner tell of light in darkness. Indeed shall she

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learn to range them in a new and beautiful order, as the constellation of the cross.”

NOTE 52—page 77. As preliminary to secession, the slave-power seized the United States mint in all places within its reach ;—and prior to that event, its leaders, assisted by a few northern representatives, had repealed the statute known as the compromise act, as without such repeal, Kansas and Nebraska could not have been made subservient to the southern scheme as slave states.

Thus having increased the chances of obtaining additional senators from northern territory, to that end they advanced to carry slaves there. Hence the first battles for dominion and power through slavery, and in fact the first battles of the rebellion were fought in Kansas. And it is by no means difficult to perceive, that if the slave-power had prevailed in Kansas and Nebraska, its usurpations would have taken an entirely different turn.

NOTE 53—page 78. At the convention in South Carolina, in December, 1860, three reasons for secession were avowed — 1st, that the North, having a majority in Congress, had not voted a tariff sufficiently favorable to southern interests ; 2nd, that it had interposed and prevented the extension of southern slavery ; and 3rd, that the majority rule was wrong, as operating against the peculiar interests of the slave states.

But, after all, the true cause of the Rebellion[’] arose from an inordinate ambition in the slave-state leaders, who sought to extend and perpetuate their peculiar institution, an institution on which they had for many years been combined and confederated, and who, by force of it, undertook to overturn the government and make themselves conquerors. But, “the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley.”—*Burns*.

NOTE 54—page 79. The President, Mr. Buchanan, declined to coerce South Carolina into submission. He did not believe in the right of the general government to do this, and by a sort of hesitating “let alone” policy, Rebellion at the onset gained many advantages.

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NOTE 55—page 80. Mr. Lincoln, while on his way from his residence in Illinois to the seat of government, from the fear of mobs at Baltimore, took a private conveyance and reached the national capital through a circuitous route, thus avoiding danger.

NOTE 56—page 80. The war-ships of the government, by some of its officers who had become rebels, had been sent away and disposed of in such manner as not to be available to the government at the inception of the war.

NOTE 57—page 84. This statue was modeled under the auspices of the King of Bavaria, at Munich, by the artist, Van Rauch, of Berlin, Prussia; and was obtained and erected in the Queen City through the generosity of our friend and patron, Dr. James C. Ayer. It is believed no finer specimen of art can be found in any part of the new world. The erecting of such a statue at the tomb of the first martyrs of the Rebellion, was truly appropriate and in good taste. It is a monument to the valor of our people, creating a public interest in our heroes, which will be likely to increase with every succeeding generation of men that stand within its influence. More and more as they advance, they will not fail to cherish the memory of the donor of so fine an emblem, so truthful and inspiring.

It adds much of interest to this thriving city, now in its infancy, yet destined through the enterprise and beneficence of its leading men to stand high in history for its industry, for its learning, and for its moral force, as well as for its works of art.

NOTE 58—page 100. At a meeting of the Rector, Wardens, and Vestry of St. Anne's Church, holden, November 1, 1867, it was voted—

“That the thanks of the Rector, Wardens, and Vestry, as Trustees of the Rector's Library, be presented to Robert B. Caverly, Esq., for the gift of two folio volumes of the ‘Acts and Monuments of Martyrs,’ by John Fox, London, 1631, and one folio volume of the ‘Ceremonies and Religious Customs of Various Nations,’ by Bernard Pecoit, London, 1741, —*rare* and *valuable* of themselves, and *doubly* so from the manner of their public presentation, whereby the existence and claims of this Library were made known to a large number of our fellow-citizens.

“A true copy of record, attest,

“JOHN O. GREEN,
‘Clerk, pro. tem.’”

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NOTE 59—page 105. This incident was related to the author by his friend, Mr. George S. Hatch, of L., and (as well as all other stories told in this work) is founded on fact.

NOTE 60—page 107. The epic to which this note refers is especially dedicated to the Honorable Board of State Charities, in Massachusetts. We trust they will read the following facts with some interest.—

One John Burt, known to the author, (having been a laborer in his employ,) became a volunteer soldier, and in July, 1864, was lost in a battle of "the Wilderness." His family had been left residing in the city of Q., up to that time. Various rumors were afloat relating to his fate. But no definite information was obtained of him until the following May, when the news came that since the battle, he had been held in a rebel prison, and had died there of starvation. In the mean time his widow and three of his small children, having come to want, fell into the hands of the Overseers of the Poor of Q., who took them to their Almshouse. Soon afterwards they passed a vote which appears on record, from which the following is copied:

"October 21, 1865. A special meeting of the Overseers of the Poor was held at the . . . office. It was voted that the following-named children be transferred to the Home . . . in . . . viz:

"John ———,	- - - - -	aged 10 years,
"Catherine ———,	- - - - -	" 8 "
"Thomas ———,	- - - - -	" 5 "

"It was also voted that a donation of \$150 be made to the above-named institution in connection with the transfer of these children."

Accordingly, without being bound out in writing, and without the consent of their mother, they were forcibly taken from her, and were delivered into the custody of the Superintendent of the Home, who soon afterwards carried the two boys from Massachusetts into some part of the far West, leaving them there among strangers and beyond the mother's reach, under the avowed pretext of finding for them better homes. Yet if these children (as it was known) had been allowed to remain at home, they would have had ample support with their mother under the United States pension laws.

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In the August then next following, this mother, through the intervention of a friend, was taken from the Alms-house, a bond being exacted and given to said Overseers, exonerating the town from any further liability to support her, as the ultimate condition upon which the bereaved matron, then sick, was allowed to be set free. Ever since then, for at least five years, great diligence has been exercised on behalf of the mother to obtain her children, but as yet to no purpose. What became of little Catherine, or to whose keeping she was committed from "the Home" (or whether for good or for ill) up to the time of this writing, has never been ascertained. Strange as it may seem, its Superintendent persistently avers that he does not know and cannot tell what became of Katie. In sight of the laws of *God* and *man*, and in behalf of a bereaved, distracted, *dying* mother, may we not continue to ask—"Where is her little daughter, Katie?"

The song to which this note is appended, has been written with the hope that it may prove in the minds of men an inducement to protect by proper enactments the just rights of the widow and orphan; at least that it may lead to measures by which a distracted mother may be enabled to find and obtain her lost children.

In the light of such case, we are inclined to believe as did an ancient writer, that an outrage like this is sometimes providentially permitted, and is allowed to be made historic "in order that the actions of men may not be effaced by time, nor the great and wonderful deeds displayed both by *Greeks and barbarians* deprived of renown."—*Herodotus*.

NOTE 61—page 119. It has been thought by many, yet perhaps erroneously, that one of the objects for carrying Catholic children into the far west was to make them Protestants by consigning them to Protestant families during their years of minority.

NOTE 62—page 120. The mother above referred to, mazed at times by reason of her bereavements, was sometimes known to have wandered by the river-side, in the wilderness, and on the hills, calling for her lost children.

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NOTE 63—page 121. Lately we have learned that at least one of the Courts in this country is beginning to promulgate the law *as it is*, and as it should be in such case. We refer the reader to a recent decision by the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the case, *People ex rel. O'Connell vs. Turner*—in the light of which the kidnapping of children under color of legal enactments, or any other pretext, would be put to shame.

NOTE 64—page 137. WATCHENOET was one of the chiefs who conveyed land-titles in New Hampshire.

NOTE 65—page 138. MIANTONIMO was a chief, said to have been friendly, tall and cunning. He hunted the forests in this region of country, of which Major Richard Waldron was chief among the whites. Mossup, a brother of Miantonimo, was killed by the Mohawks about twenty miles “above the Piscataqua,” and was buried by Major Waldron. Major Waldron was afterwards cruelly murdered by the Indians in his own house and within his own garrison, at Coheco, now Dover, N. H., on the night of June 27, 1680.

NOTE 66—page 154. The chime-bells at Lowell, to which allusion is made, were obtained at the cost of about \$5000,—raised mostly by donations from its citizens. It is pleasant to find here a taste well cultivated for music as well as for poetry.

As of common interest, the names and inscriptions, as found on the eleven bells composing the chime, are appended.

E b — 2271 lbs. HEDRICK BELL.

From the tower of St. Anne's

We praise thee! O God, and celebrate thy blessing on the generous endeavors of George Hedrick, Esq., and other citizens and friends whereby we were placed here to ring Thy praise:—

“Gloria Patri Filio Spirituque!”

A. D. 1857.

F — 1448 lbs. CITIZENS' BELL.

“Art is the handmaid of human good.” We were purchased through the generosity of the citizens of Lowell.

A. D. 1857.

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G—1134 lbs. PARISH BELL.

First public worship in the village (now Lowell) by *Rev. Theodore Edson*, March 7, 1824. St. Anne's Church consecrated March 16, A. D. 1825. Allan Pollock and Warren Colburn, first church Wardens.

A b—955 lbs. HISTORICAL BELL.

Merrimack Company began work A. D. 1822. Town of Lowell incorporated A. D. 1826. City charter granted A. D. 1836.

A. D. 1857.

B b—783 lbs. OLE BULL BELL.

This Bell was the gift of

Ole Bull,

The great violinist of Bergen, Norway.

A. D. 1857.

“Honor to whom honor is due.”

B—683 lbs. MUSICIANS' BELL.

To the memory of *Handel!*

Born A. D. 1684, died A. D. 1758.

Presented by the principal musical professors and amateurs of Lowell, A. D. 1857.

To music, noble Art divine!

Ring forth ye bells a merry chime!

C—608 lbs. HOVEY BELL.

A memorial to George H. Carleton, late Junior Warden of St. Anne's Church. Presented to the Church by Charles Hovey, as an expression of affection for his early master and late partner.

A. D. 1857.

D b—565 lbs. BISHOP'S BELL.

Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D.,

Bishop of Massachusetts.

Consecrated Dec. 26, 1842.

“*Tanquam Dei dispensatorum. ep. ad Titum.*”

D—530 lbs. RECTOR'S BELL.

Presented by

The ladies of St. Anne's Church,

To perpetuate the memory of their beloved and devoted Pastor,

Rev. Theodore Elson, D. D.,

Rector of the Parish since the consecration,

A. D. 1825.

“Blest is the tie that binds

Our hearts in Christian love.”

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E b—431 lbs. FOUNDER'S BELL.

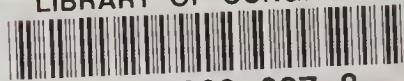
Jones & Hitchcock,
Troy, Rens. Co., N. Y.,
Aug., A. D. 1857.

F—460 lbs. AYER'S BELL.

Presented by
James C., and *Frederick Ayer*,
Chemists,
Lowell, A. D. 1857.
“*Omnibus quæ prosunt sequimur.*”



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